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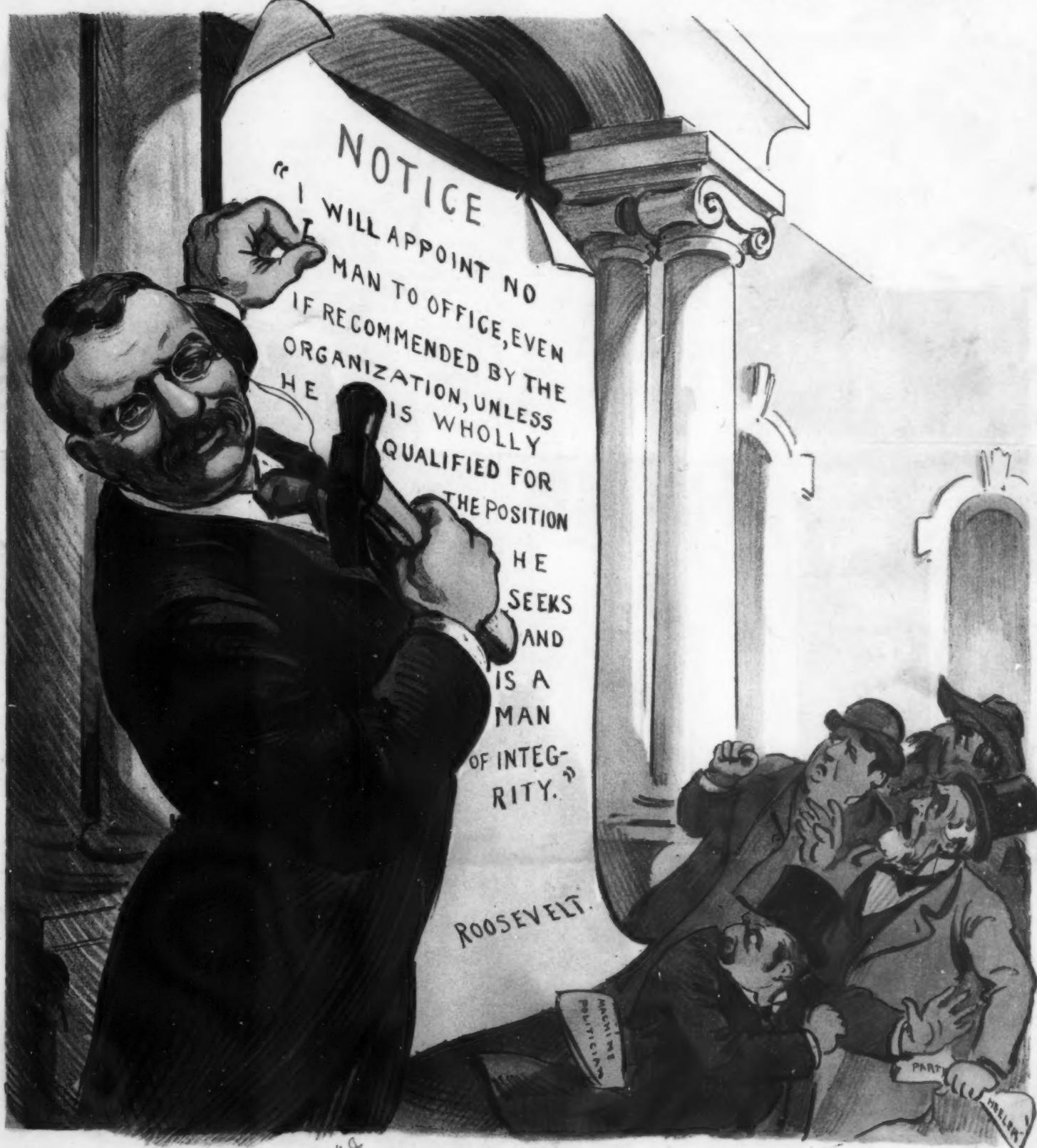
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PUCK BUILDING, New York, November 6th, 1901.
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HIS DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



SURPRISED.

"Gosh! Who'd ever think there was such crowds of people in New York?"

"Well, did n't yer know there was a population of a couple of millions?"

"Yes! But, by gum! I did n't expect to see 'em all on Broadway!"

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

At 'ome the ministry depend
On Tommy Atkins, Oh! a lot,
But still they do not scorn the help
Of duly censored Tommy Rot.

A LOW-DOWN SLANDER.

MELINDA MOKEBY.— Misteh Laffy-ette Mokington tolle me dat he was gwine to bring an action fo' slander ag'in Clarence Coonley.

LUCINDA JOHNSON.— Indeed! What fo'?

MELINDA MOKEBY.— Why, he repohited erround dat Misteh Mokington lost all his money at craps an' policy, when ev'rybody in ouah set knows it wuz bridge whist dat caused his financial embarrassm'ent.

AN INQUIRY.

FIRST WESTERNER.— There's a deadlock over the election of United States Senator.

SECOND WESTERNER.— What's the matter? One side biddin' just as high as the other?

IN NOVEMBER.

IS now the tragic time o' year,
When poets sing
Of falling leaflets, sad and
sere,
And any thing
Concerning limbs so brown and
bare,
Or smoking sod;
But let me lift mine little air
To the coal hod.

I know that these be desolate days
And dreary, too.
I watch the woodland's whitish haze
Hide Heaven's blue;
Yet, as the year's last strands begin
To feed Time's shuttle,
I feel there's much of cheer within
The social scuttle.

Then why should I seem sorrowful
Or exude gall,
Because the days are dark and dull
In later Fall?
I'll miss the fields afame with red—
The golden rod—
But let them go—I'll hail, instead—
The humble hod.

W. S. Adkins.

AVOIDING EMBARRASSMENT.

NEARPASS.— Kitchener does n't want officers to carry pianos with them when pursuing the Boers.

BENNET.— He's right. How would it look if he had to report that the Boers captured two guns and a piano?

VIEWS OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

"Of course," said the first man, "I admit that it is useless to oppose Expansion further. The whole thing is practically over."

"Don't you believe it," said the Expansionist. "We've annexed Porto Rico and the Philippines, but, Lord bless you! Expansion is only in its infancy!"

OUR DESTINY is writ, and is being printed as fast as the advertising patronage of the country press will permit.

IF ANYBODY really knows the secret of success he might communicate it in confidence to the Democratic party.

IF THE aim of each of the Powers is to keep the others from getting anything, there is no doubt that China will coöperate cordially with all.

THE AUTOMOBILE being still in its infancy, we may indulge the hope that when it grows up the chauffeur will not look quite so much like a masked burglar.



A COMMON STORY.

PHILANTHROPIC PARTY.— Tell me your story, my poor man.

SELDUM FEED.— Aw, I went up against it an' bounced back — dat's me whole record.

PUCK



IMPROVEMENT.

"Jocko has trained him well, has n't he?"
"Very well! When he took hold of him, that ostrich was n't worth his scrap iron."

A VERSATILE PERSONAGE.

"I understand," tentatively remarked the drummer, who visited Pettyville often enough to be mildly interested in the affairs of the hamlet, "that this community was recently afflicted with a fellow who claimed to be a palmist, a seventh son of a seventh son, a spiritualistic medium, a magnetic healer, and a phrenologist? That strikes me as being an unusually strong combination of astute and artistic swindle-ability, if there is such a word in the English language."

"Eh-yah!" growled the landlord of the tavern. "And, besides all that, and bein' an expert washin'-machine agent, a soothsayer, a painless tooth-puller, a hypnotist, and several other things, into the bargain, he was also a foot-racer of such speed and ability that, when an impromptu event of that kind was pulled off with him as the party of the first part and the greater portion of the village as the parties of the second part, he distanced the whole pursuit and hot-footed out of our reach through a crack of his own makin' in the atmosphere, owin' me for nine days' board. Aw, that feller, in addition to everything else, was an all-round cuss, and don't you forget it!"

FORGIVENESS is often as much a matter of inertia as anything else; we don't try to get even with people because it is too much trouble.

NOT UNASSISTED.

"It is said that the Buddhists are trying to turn some of the Christian converts back to Buddhism."

"Are they? I think some of the Christian missionaries are helping them."

THE ART PRESERVATIVE.

"The art of printing, sir," exclaimed the Fervid Optimist, "is in its infancy! My grandson, and possibly my son, will one day have his Sunday newspaper brought to him in twenty-eight handy quarto volumes, substantially bound, profusely illustrated, in a polished oak book-case, all for five cents! Yes, sir!"

PERHAPS, after all, it's just as well for our manifest destiny that so few of our statesmen have a sense of humor.

A CASUAL OBSERVER might conclude that exposure is the extreme penalty for corruption.

WONDERS never cease. No sooner does the West stagger our credulity with stories of hen's eggs as large as hailstones, than the East overwhelms us with reports of seats in the New York Stock Exchange costing as much as seats in the United States Senate.



AS TO THE PUPIL'S PICTURE.

THE ARTIST.—That's about the right distance. Now, I suppose you want me to tell you just what I think of it.

PUPIL.—Well—ahem!—you might do it in moderation!



NO ARGUMENT.

"Dat's de same price dat everybody pays. See?"

"But, mein friendt, I aind't aggustomed to paying der same brice vot eeverybody pays!"

THE SHIRTWAIST GIRL.

VI.

EMMA LOUISE ATTENDS A TRYING-OUT OF AMATEURS
AND IS MUCH EDIFIED AT WHAT SHE THERE
BEHOLDS.

SADIE MONAHAN is so mad she looks like as if she'd never get into the sunshine again. She used to give me the fal-dad ferinos by the way she was always talking about her cousin Irene what was on the stage. From the way she talked you'd a thought her cousin Irene was the original Tell Me Pretty Maiden, and that the dead wagon ran on schedule through Central Park to gather up the Wall Street Brokers who did gun croaks 'cause Irene Monahan threw them down. But, say! That story was only one of Sadie Monahan's fifty-seven varieties. What?

'Member me telling you we was all going to the Gaiety Museum on Amateur Night to plug the game along for Benny Levitski?

Well, me mother don't let me go to museums, but this was a party, an' me brother Terry and our Gert and Jerry Quinn and Skates Monahan and Sadie Monahan an' me was all to be there as stampers for Benny.

There was a big harp outside of the museum ballyhooing same as if it was the Bowery, Coney Island, and not the Bowery, New York.

"See de great show!" hollered the harp. "Bosco, the Snake Eater! Bosco, the Wonderful! She Grovels in a Den of Loathsome Rep-tiles! Do not Compare us to Coney, you make us Ashamed! Remember, this is an Exhibit for the Educated and a Show for the Sensitive and Refined!" Jerry Quinn told him to cut it out because we was a swell theatre party from uptown and the ladies was sensitive about snakes, having just had



eels' feet on toast at the Waldorf-Astoria. But the man did n't care, an' we went inside.

We seen The Sockless Salamander, who walked barefoot on red-hot iron, and Madam Rosa, the Bearded Lady; we did n't stop to talk to her, fer I could see Jerry Quinn give me brother Terry the googy glance, as if to say, "It's up to us," and I could see their fingers commence to twitch, so I give 'em the bell to go ahead and got 'em off in good order.

When them boys sees whiskers in any shape or form it's temporary insanity and hullgull, handfull, sure!

We would n't look at Bosco, 'cause Sadie Monahan and me and our Gert said it was disgusting; and, anyway, we seen it at Coney, and we went on down the Curio Hall with the Professor, who recited the most beautiful poetry when he introduced the freaks. Just as we got to La Belle Lorena, the Circassian Beauty, I saw Sadie Monahan backing up and I noticed the Circash givin' her the glad eye. And right there I got wise. "Ain't that your cousin what's on the stage with the Wall Street Willies dying around her till you can't rest?" says I, as sweet as six dollars' worth of soft sugar.

And that's who it was, and she had to introduce us, too.

How mad she was Mother must never know!

Well, we went down to the theaterum and Jerry Quinn and me brother Terry started stamping.

The first amateur that did a stunt was a feller that Jerry Quinn and me brother Terry knew. He was announced as Ajax, the Boneless Wonder. But he'd bin so nervous that he'd bin hitting nose paint to brace him up, and a whisper went 'round that Madigan had his skates on; and we was all so sorry for him, when he bent back



THEIR VIEWS.

FIRST GIRAFFE.—The lion is a very fine animal.

SECOND GIRAFFE.—Yes; but I don't see how he can be satisfied with such a short neck!



HOW HE WAS VICTIMIZED.

JOSH.—How did Silas get swindled?

HIRAM.—Why, a feller offered to insure him against bunco steerin' an' collected a six months' premium!

PUCK

over a chair and could n't git up again, that we laughed till our sides was sore.

Two mixed-ale boxers came next and then two guys that ort to 've bin driving trucks come on. One recited, "The Face Dat Drove Me Mad," while the other drew it. The push would n't stand for it. Some commenced to holler "Jump on yer shadder!" and they rang 'em off.

Benny Levitski was next and we give him the hot hand. He started on a new song he could n't remember and some old jokes he had forgotten, and somebody hollered "Ain't it a pity his face disfigures him!" From that minute Benny was up in the air, and although Skates Monahan and Jerry Quinn and me brother Terry stamped for him splendid, it was all off with Benny; and the friends of the other contestants called to him to sneak to the shrubbery and get back to the Ghetto; and Benny saw, as he afterwards said, his debut was a feeasko.

A girl sang "Don't Wear Your Heart On Your Sleeve!" And then a feller from Christie Street did bird warbling. He said if anybody thought he had an artificial aid to his pucker or had anything concealed in his mouth the audience could step inside and examine. He went to open his mouth wide to show, and Jerry Quinn soaked him with a tomato he'd brought along, and the management called the thing a draw. We got up to get out when we missed Skates Monahan and me brother Terry.

Outside Benny Levitski was waiting for us and crying. Skates and me brother Terry was with him, trying to smooth him out. But Benny was so excited that he had n't made good that Terry and Skates were borrowing money from him without him knowing it. Jerry Quinn said it was a shame, because when he went to comfort him there was n't anything left in Benny's pocket but chicken food.

When we got home we met old man Levitski at his door.

"How vass you as a tea-ayter, Benny, chass?" he said.

"It was a failure, father!" said Benny, with his windows leaking.

Old Mr. Levitski put his arms around him. "Such a proudness I have," says he. "Who vass der assignee?"

Now, would n't that set you sideways?

Roy L. McCandell.

ITS STATUS.

"There seems to be very little conventionality in this region," tentatively remarked the tourist from New England.

"Wa-al, no!" cheerily replied the landlord of the Atlantic and Pacific Hotel, at Whoopville, Kansas. "If you 've noticed any conventionality since your arrival here, Mr. Eastman, I'd admire to bet you ten dollars you saw it scootin' up an alley with a tin-can tied to its tail."

THEIR STAFF OF LIFE.

DESMOND.—Dr. Ditchell advises nervous people not to talk about their nerves.

OSMOND.—Well, he 's a great doctor! Talking about their nerves is the only thing that keeps nervous people alive.



AS TO THE PHENOMENON.

"Is it possible he can carry so many things in his head?"

"Oh! Yes, indeed! He can carry as many things in his head as another boy can in his pocket!"

HUMAN LIMITATION TO BLAME.

HARRY.—One-half the world does n't know how the other half lives.

HARRIET.—Of course not! How absurd! Everybody can't live next-door to everybody.

A PERIOD OF COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY.

ABNER.—Chet Tuttle tells me that last week he traded a dog fer a shotgun worth a dollar and a quarter. Then he traded the shotgun fer a fiddle; then the fiddle fer a pair of boots and a bicycle tire; an' the next day he traded the boots an' tire fer a dress suit an' a book on hypnotism; an' then he goes an' trades these things fer a hoss an' road cart worth together seven dollars!

JOSEPH.—He did? Do tell! And yet these here calamity howlers say this is no country for a poor man any more!

A LITTLE investigation of some successes has a tendency to convince us that it is not such a disgrace to die rich as it frequently is to get rich.

IT DEPENDS altogether what kind of society you are in whether it is better to look bored when you don't feel so, or feel bored and be able not to look so.



FLATTERING CHOLLY.

CHOLLY (to CADDIE, searching for lost ball).—What are you looking there for? Why, I must have driven it fifty yards further than this!

THE DIPLOMATIC CADDIE.—But sometimes they hit a stone, sir, and bounce back a terrible distance!

PUCK



DANGER.

THE INDIAN.—Great Tomahawk! Never have I known fear till I beheld the white man's blunderbuss blazing away at something else!

THE TRAVELED MAN.

Hi! 'T is joy to me on the cars to be,
I could ride and never stop;
For they have no ads of dopes and fads
Running clear across the top.

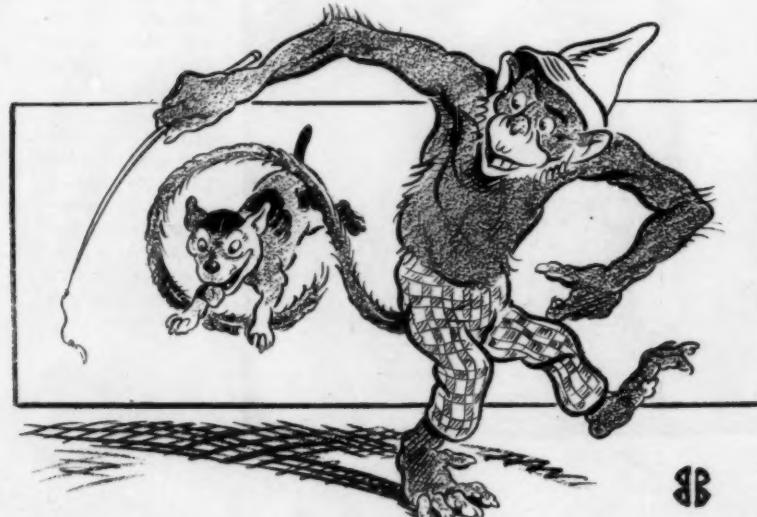
'T is such a delight as we steam in sight
Of the farm-hand at the bars,
To see him stare at my lordly air
A-riding upon the cars.

At every town the folks come down
And I always parade on view,
And I swing on the train when it starts again,
Just like the conductors do.

Then when I arrive at home I thrive
On a weary wide-traveled air,
And no matter what place is named, my face
Flies open with, "I've been there!"

Edmund Vance Cooke.

CONSCIENCE tries to make cowards of us all, and we sometimes have reason to regret that it failed to throw a scare into us.



SIGNOR JOCKO AND HIS TRAINED PUP.

PUCK

THE ROBBER ROBBED.

"Aha!" chuckled the burglar, as he stealthily entered the house of the returned missionary. "Here's where I loot the loot!"

TOO HARMONIOUS.

"Smith insists that politics must be divorced from the saloon." "Why, there's no cause for divorce! That couple get along with hardly the shadow of a disagreement."

THE SCORE.

I've lost her! Well—no matter!
But I will not sit and sigh:—
For, taking all things, pro and con,
She has lost as much as I.



NO ALTERNATIVE.

THE ACTOR.—To think that I should have to abandon the legitimate for vaudeville!

THE SOUBRETTE.—Yes; but what can you do when the legitimate abandons you?

RESOURCEFUL.

This is the story of the resourceful Copper King, who was determined to get into Society.

The Copper King began with giving it out that his income was ninety-six thousand dollars and some odd cents per minute.

Society sneered at this.

"But, wait!" said the Copper King. "Know that my wife has wretched luck at bridge! Oh! Execrable!"

Now at once Society opens its arms, and the Copper Queen is cordially invited to all the afternoons.

WOMEN'S WAYS IN NOVEMBER.

CLARA.—O Clarence! I must have this lovely fur collar! Give it to me as a Christmas present.

CLARENCE.—All right, Clara! But—remember—this is the fifth Christmas present I've given you since August!

PUCK

PUCK

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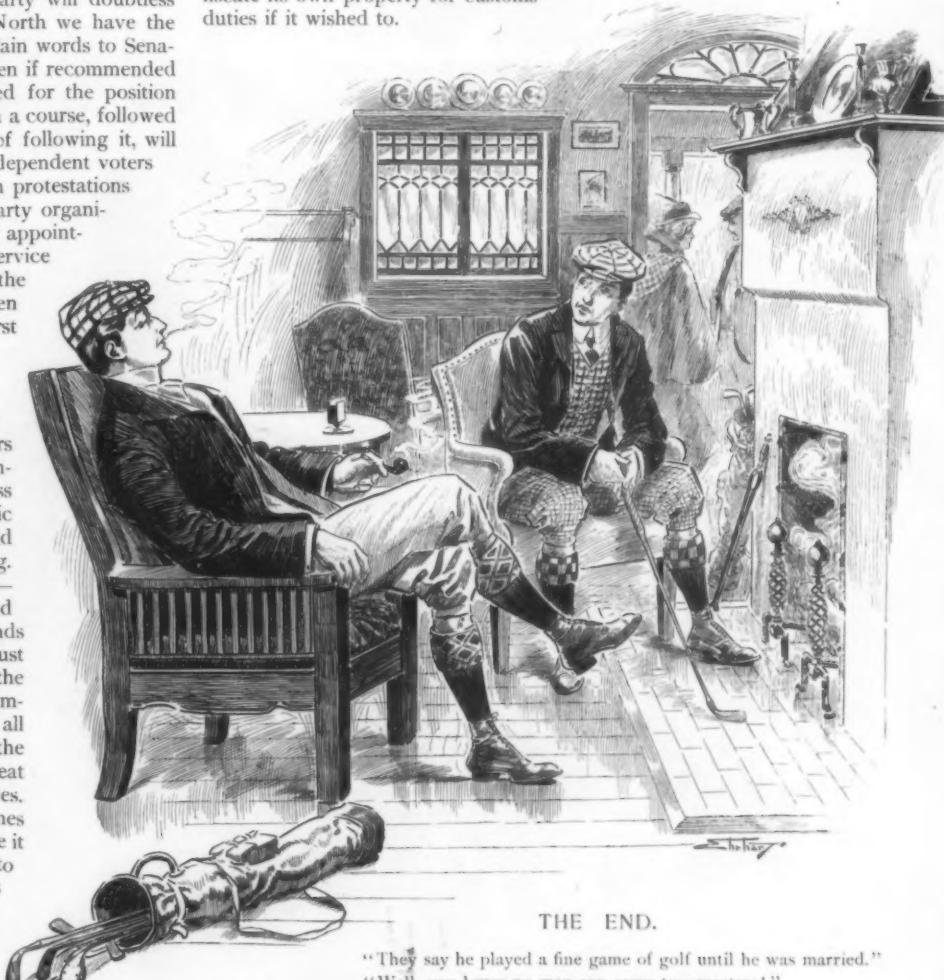
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A NEW BIRTH. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's policy is beginning in some quarters to engage adverse criticism. In the South its color-scheme is disliked. In the North its political stripe has failed to please the fastidious taste of the old-time party workers. And yet it is probable that this veteran civil-service reformer, before his term of office expires, will have compelled the liking and hearty support of those very elements that for the moment hold him in disfavor. We have faith enough in the intelligence of the people to believe that a policy such as he has outlined regarding appointments will not only make him generally popular, but will materially strengthen rather than weaken the organization of his party. In the South this policy is to fill Federal offices with the best white material regardless of party lines, the appointment of a Democrat and ex-Confederate officer to a district judgeship in Alabama being a specimen of its working. This is a touch that was needed to further the work of rationalizing Southern politics, the lines of which have too long been drawn upon an issue that is lifeless. From such a policy the Republican party will doubtless benefit not less than the South itself. In the North we have the President's determination expressed in his own plain words to Senator Mason: "I will appoint no man to office, even if recommended by the organization, unless he is wholly qualified for the position which he seeks and is a man of integrity." Such a course, followed as Mr. Roosevelt alone, we believe, is capable of following it, will not only win him the support of thousands of independent voters who have in the past learned to receive all such protestations with cynical distrust, but it will strengthen the party organization by compelling its leaders to recommend for appointment only men of the highest fitness. Civil-service Reform has had a new birth, and, in our belief, the Republican party is lucky to be its mother, even though she eye her offspring askance in the first days of its infancy.

A UNION NEEDED. WHERE IS the petticoated J. Pierpont Morgan with genius to organize her harried sisters into a corporation that can cope with the kitchen-help problem? She is being cried for by cookless thousands. Desolate households await her magic to become homes once again. The domestic world watches eagerly for some herald of her coming. And this may be held certain: if she cometh not—if no gigantic Trust be formed with power to grind the insurgent cook even as the latter now grinds her hapless employer, the individual kitchen must presently perish. Thus far victory has been with the servitor. Family after family, to an incredible number, she has driven into the family hotel where all domestic machinery is politely concealed in the basement. Eventually, of course, she would defeat herself by abolishing all demand for her services. Yet by that time neither should we have any real homes left, which is a consummation to be avoided while it may be with honor. An organizer with ability to promote the movement indicated by PUCK's double-page cartoon this week would come close to curing the evil. She would need, of course, to be crafty. She would need to make it appear first of all that in promoting an interest

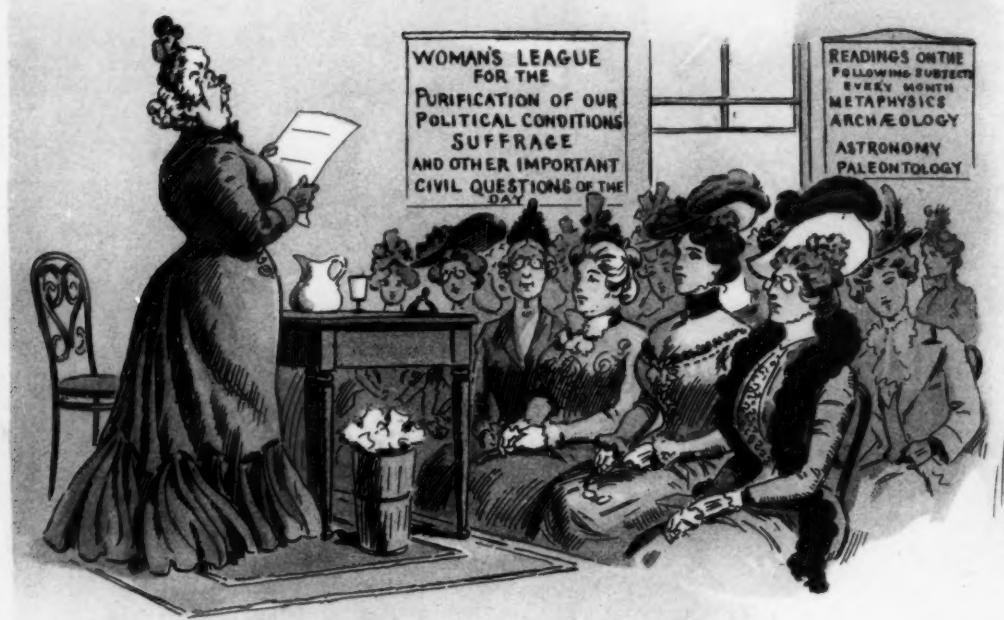
in domestic affairs she was merely introducing a new fad, and that, in transferring her attention from other fads to this one of her own home, the woman of to-day would in no sense be conducting herself in a provincial or middle-class manner. With clever manipulation a fad for the old-fashioned home like Mother used to make is as feasible as a fad for political economy or Hindoo widows or Revolutionary ancestors. And if we ever get the old-fashioned housewife again we shall have the old-fashioned servant in all her pristine excellence.

AN UNGRACIOUS TARIFF. TWO OF our well-meaning citizens lately bought a collection of Lafayette relics in France, meaning to make a gift of them to the Congressional library at Washington. Of course the things were of foreign make. Consisting of books, paintings, arms, etc., that had belonged to the gallant French soldier, it could hardly have been otherwise. He did his fighting here, to be sure, but the more intimate and interesting of his personal belongings had been acquired before he reached our shores. At any rate, no collection of American-made Lafayette relics is known to the world, whereby it is seen that no blame should attach to the philanthropists in question for going abroad to purchase this one. Doubtless if our own factories were turning out a line of acceptable Lafayette relics the home industry would have been patronized; or criticism, at least, would lie against the collectors who failed to patronize it. But the situation was unalterable and unavoidable. Only relics of foreign make were to be had. Nevertheless, the philanthropists in question, after paying forty thousand dollars for this collection, are ordered to pay a duty of ten thousand more dollars to get it through the custom house of the Government to which they would present it. After paying a large sum for the articles they must pay Uncle Sam another large sum for the pleasure of giving them to him. The framers of the wondrous Dingley tariff must have foreseen a day when we would be making relics right here at home. If we were the donors in this instance, however, we should direct the collection, in good, plain handwriting, to the United States Government at New York and impolitely refuse to be concerned with its subsequent fate. The Government could then confiscate its own property for customs duties if it wished to.



THE END.

"They say he played a fine game of golf until he was married."
"Well, you know no man can serve two masters!"



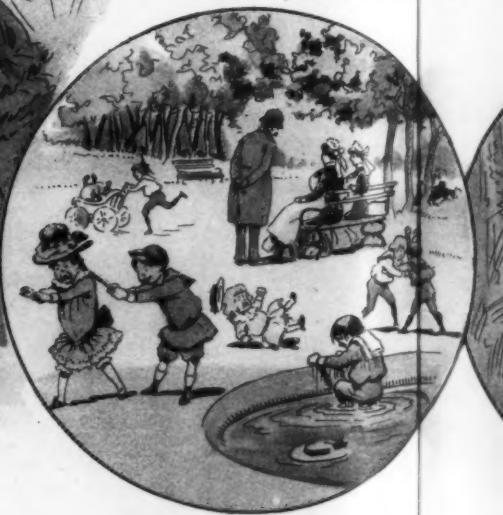
I.
Valuable time spent at club meetings that should be given to the home.



II.
The humiliating spectacle of the untrained housewife's pleadings to the cook to stay.



III.
If the servant girls have the wit to question why can not the housewives do the same?



VI.
The neglected children of the club woman.



servant girls have the wit to organize for their own protection, not the housewives do the same?



VII.

The household of the woman who is mistress of her home.

ED HELP "BUGABOO."



IV.

A return to the duties and dignities of the old-fashioned American home might be a step in the right direction.



V.

An undivided attention to domestic affairs would naturally result in this operation of the law of "supply and demand."

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LEGENDS.

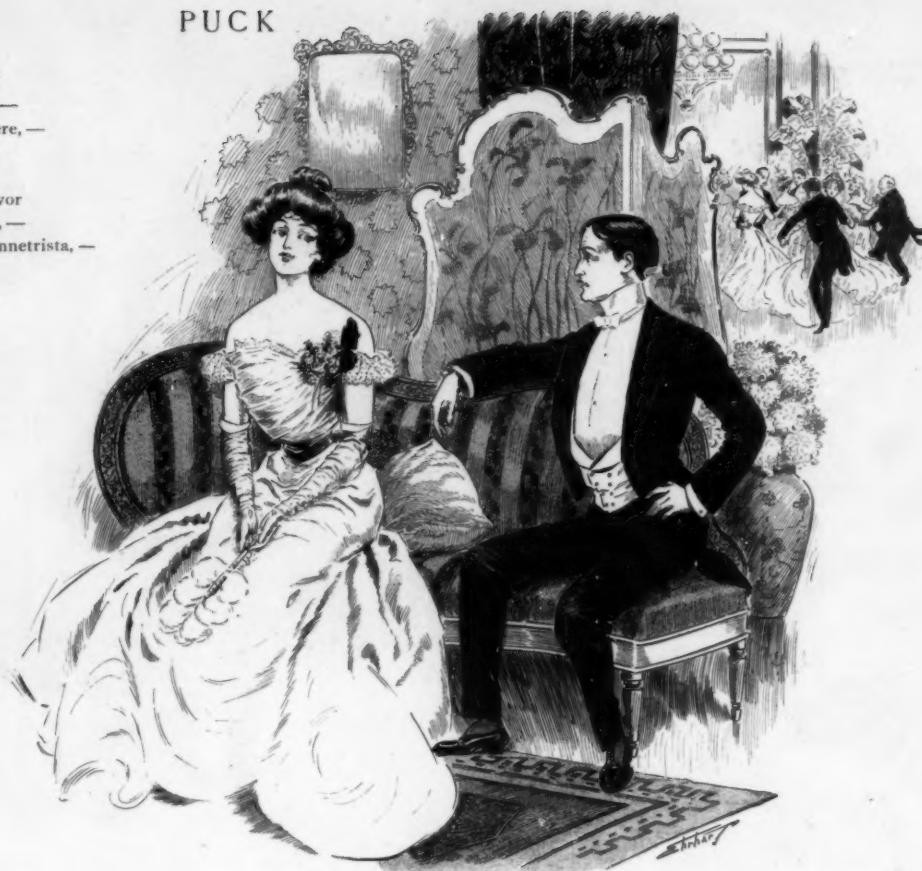
Then the youth, the maid addressing,—
Indian youth and maiden these were,—
Showed how admirably adapted
Yonder cliff for leaping over
Was, and then with ardent fervor
Urged the lovely Minnetrista,—
Her name, you know, was Minnetrista,—
Over this to leap and perish;
Saying: "Lovely Minnetrista,
Just to give thee the occasion,
I'll requite thy love no longer,
Whereupon for unrequited
Love thou mayst yon cliff leap over!"

"Pourquoi?" the maiden murmured, shyly,
Yet with tolerable insistence,
And her French had all the seeming
Of the flowing, liquid Gallic
Of the boarding-schools. However,
At this time such schools not yet were.

Spake the youth, a bit impatient:
"Just to give the place a legend!
What mission, thinkest thou, is ours,—
We, the noble race of red men,—
Save to give this country legends?
What excuse have we for living,
If we don't provide these legends?"

But the maiden would not have it.
"Aber nit!" she answered, archly,—
One would think she'd studied German;—
Thus she answered, and the forest
Echoed softly back her answer.

Thus it happens old Squehankish
Turns away with look of sadness,
When we bid him kindly tell us
What the legend of yon cliff is.



NOT A SURE TEST.

HE.—You must have known from the first that I was in love with you, by my actions.

SHE.—But it's natural for some men to be foolish!



AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

"I reckon yo' doan' know what de paper means by breadwinners."
"Oh! Dat's easy 'nuff. It means when de head of de fambly plays policy an' comes out ahead!"

In accents quavering relates he,—
As a Roman might the story
Of the false Tarpeia, vestal,—
How the lovely Minnetrista,
In the ages ere the Paleface
Ever trod the forest pathways,
Failed to do her simple duty.
"There ain't no legend!" sighs Sque-
hankish.

HIS CONDITION.

"It has been so long," said the man who was called a worthy-person-but-poor-fellow-it's-too-bad-he-has-no-faculty, "since I have been able to make both ends meet, that it is safe to presume if they were to meet now in the middle of the turnpike, at high noon, with their visiting cards in their hands, they—"

His grin of self-depreciation was as innocent of mirth as a crack in a dried lemon.

"—would not recognize each other."

"ADVERTISING," observed the successful dealer, complacently, "makes the automobile go."

IF WE were a millionaire, we suppose we'd be just as grasping as the rest of them;—but that's no excuse for them.

PART
are



A MASTER STROKE.

DUFFY.—Th' fit may be arl right, but how about th' color av th' coat matchin' th' different colored pairs of pants I may want to wear wid it?

COHENSTEIN.—Dot coad vill harmonize mit any color of der rainpow but *orange*! I vill pe honest mit you ohf I lose der sale!

PART OF the campaign manager's work seems to be to count chickens before they are hatched.

HIS IMPRESSION.

FIRST POPULIST (*reading paper*).—What does "et al." mean?—"Morgan, Rockefeller et al."

SECOND POPULIST.—Eat all? I s'pose it's a figgerative expression meanin' that they're swallerin' up everything.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

"The Filipino colonel was greatly mortified at his capture."

"He was, eh?"

"Yes. I believe he had sworn to run to the bitter end."

MAY BE EXPECTED.

"The submarine boat is making some progress."

"Oh, yes! It will soon be time for someone to invent a submarine submarine-boat-destroyer."

CREDITABLE IGNORANCE.

CLARA.—Modern fiction is very restful.

LAURA.—Restful?

CLARA.—Yes; there are so many trashy new novels that it is no disgrace not to keep up with them.

HANDICAPPED.

"Gee! It's funny I can't hit them birds! But a feller can't keep in practice when he's got to go ter school every day but Saturday!"



BAD MEN.

"Philadelphia politicians, then, are very corrupt?"

"Oh, yes! Tammany Hall could go over there and run a reform movement."

EVEN INTO the jaws of defeat the politician can hurl a prediction of victory.

THE ORDINARY Chinaman has the consolation, at least, of not being the Emperor.

THE EXPLANATION which does not explain may nevertheless be a great comfort to the ardent partisan who would n't waste time reading campaign literature, anyhow.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

CIGARETTES

are in a class by themselves among Turkish cigarettes, and have never been equaled. There is no uncertainty or indecision when buying them: you are sure that they are the best Turkish cigarettes that you can get anywhere. They never vary or change in quality, flavor or workmanship, because they cannot be made better or of better materials. It will interest you exceedingly, if you smoke "Turkish" at all and have never tried DEITIES, to light one and—well, you will know then that "No better Turkish cigarette can be made."

EGYPTIAN EMBLEMS

are the same as DEITIES but with cork tips.

Anargyros

This signature is on every box.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 33d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

CHEW
BEEMAN'S
The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion
and Sea-sickness.
ALL OTHERS ARE
IMITATIONS.

Manhattan Theatre B'way & 33d St.
New York.
MRS. FISKE
and her company in
MIRANDA OF THE
BALCONY
Every Evening at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2:15.

WHEN some men are left widowers, they grow a year younger every month until they marry again. — *Atchison Globe*.

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Millions of players use "Bicycles" because their wearing and playing qualities are so satisfactory. A 120-page condensed Hoyle, mailed for six flap ends from Bicycle boxes, or five 2-cent stamps.

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WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
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UNAPPRECIATIVE.
"Doesn't that
remind you of a
Raphael?" asked the
art enthusiast.

"No," answered
the cold-blooded
critic. "It reminds
me more of a raffle."
— *Washington Star*.

A DARKEY with
one leg is just as
happy as a white
man with two.
— *Atchison Globe*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS **Cortez CIGARS** -MADE AT KEY WEST-

These Cigars are manufactured under
the most favorable climatic conditions and
from the mildest blends of Havana to-
bacco. If we had to pay the imported
cigar tax our brands would cost double the
money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

WORSE STILL.

NODD. — I can't
ask you to dinner,
old man, because we
have no cook.

TODD. — And I
can't ask you, be-
cause we have one.—
Detroit Free Press.

ONE swallow does
n't make a Summer,
and many a girl in
an automobile coat
does n't possess car
fare.— *Wash. Post*.

HARPER RYE



GOOD AS GOLD.

Gold medals at New Orleans,
1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris,
1900. If local dealers can not
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BERNHIM BROS., Louisville, Ky.

Pears'

Few people know the
comfort and beauty of
perfect natural skin.

Have you used Pears'
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The Standard
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Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Mailed on receipt of price.
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best materials; sold by progressive dealers.
Send for handsome booklet, FREE.
RAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.



HUMAN NATURE.

O'HOGARTY. — How did ye come to lick the Dutchman?

McLUBBERTY. — He called me Oirish.

O'HOGARTY. — F'r hivin's seek! Ain't yez Oirish?

McLUBBERTY. — Oi am thot, and Oi 'm proud av ut! But,
Begorra! Oi don't loike to be called so!

Stops Diarrhoea and Stomach Cramps.

Dr. Siegert's Genuine, Imported Angostura Bitters.

MEN will not freeze to you because you
are cold-hearted.— *Ram's Horn*.

THE PARENT. — I like to see a young man exert himself.

THE DAUGHTER. — Why, Papa, you just ought to have seen George exert
himself the first time he tried to kiss me! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"The New York Central Leads the World." — *Leslie's Weekly*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"It's the best Whiskey that goes down smoothly, causing the lips to murmur in praise."

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

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Whiskey
Green Label.

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Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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PAT'D FEB. 12, 1901.
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Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.
Dept. I. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



AUTUMNAL.

THE SMALL CROW.—O Mama! Is the tree moulted?

A HAMPERED POET.

"I notice that in Meeter's poems the lines halt occasionally. What's the reason, I wonder?"

"I suppose those are the places where his wife pounces down on him and hustles him off to the butcher's or baker's." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The miracles that men demand would almost always be catastrophes. — *Ram's Horn.*

Vigorous energy, follows closely upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get them from your druggist or grocer. Refuse substitutes.

A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

THE ONLY CHANCE.

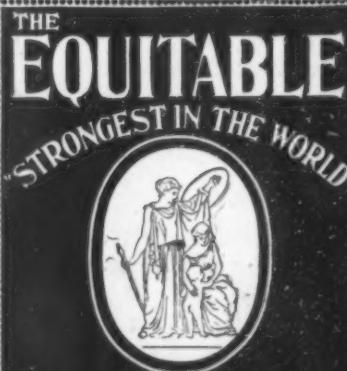
"Do you think the North Pole will ever be discovered?" asked the scientist.

"I could n't say," answered the capitalist. "Possibly a Trust may some time be persuaded that there is money in it." — *Wash. Star.*

BILL. — Was the fishing good where you've been?

JILL. — Oh, yes! Too good to lie about. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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You who are wise will insist on these three qualities when you buy a beer:

First:—*Purity*; for healthfulness depends on it.

Schlitz Beer is pure. Our brewery throughout is kept as clean as your kitchen. Every drop of our beer is cooled in plate glass rooms in filtered air. Then the beer is filtered in a thoroughly effective way.

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Schlitz beer is aged. We store it for months in refrigerating rooms, with a capacity of 265,000 barrels.

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We use the best barley that money can buy, and a partner in our business selects it.

We send experts to Bohemia each year to select our hops from the finest grown in the world.

Our yeast is developed forever

Ask for Schlitz, and you are certain of *Purity*, *Age* and *Quality*. Ask simply for beer, and you may get a product that was brewed for half the cost of Schlitz. Yet it costs *you* the same as Schlitz, The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous.

Ask for the
Brewery Bottling.

Schlitz
J. L. STACK



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The Great English Remedy
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Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 234 William St., N. Y.

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"The embodiment of tone and art."
33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.
Between 10th and 11th Streets, New York.

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Fill out this slip and send to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free, particulars and rates of Gold Bond policies.

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THE "INEVITABLE" INTERPRETED.

MRS. PEACHLEAF.—Your Paw's letter from New York, Reuben! I wonder what he means by sayin' in it, "We have to yield to the inevitable?"

SON REUBEN (prophetically).—Buncoed ag'in! B'gosh!

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

The unrivaled bouquet that Cook's Imperial Extra Dry has, has made it a favorite with all good judges.

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The only one of a kind and the best is the unique status of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

As Indicated by
Its Immense
Popularity.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.
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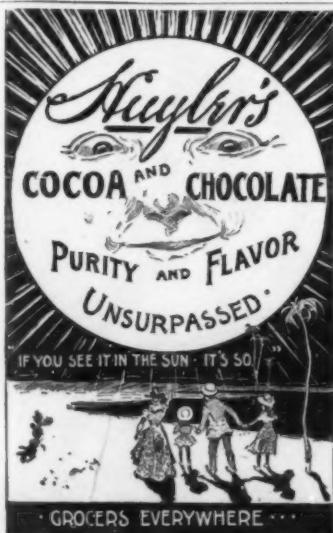
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White Silks and Satins
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Wedding Gowns.
Novelties for Bridesmaids' Dresses.
Velvets.

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SOME people reach the zenith of happiness when they imagine themselves to be in Society, and are able to generate contempt for those who are striving to follow their example.—*Washington Post*.

A CAUTIOUS STASTICIAN.

"How large a permanent population has Crimson Gulch?" inquired the tourist.

"Well," answered Bronco Bob, "we've got about four hundred and seven living here. But with so much hoss-stealin' an' brace faro goin' on, I would n't allude to anybody as bein' particular permanent." — *Washington Star*.

FAINT hearts are not losing many fair ladies these times. It's the faint bank account that fails to come out winner.—*Washington Post*.

THAT'S all bosh about pre-natal influence. If there were anything in it, every baby would be born with naturally curly hair.—*Atchison Globe*.



You are safe when you call for RED TOP RYE. It is ten years old, and as pure as refined gold.

Red Top Rye Guide.
Handsome bound in cloth. Contains over 100 pages up-to-date recipes and instructions for making fine, fancy and mixed drinks. Sent on receipt of 10c. It's worth more. Write, Adv. Dept.

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons,
Distillers,
Cincinnati, O. St. Joseph, Mo. Louisville, Ky.

RED TOP RYE

FROM HIS VIEW POINT.

"What was the matter with Mrs. Scadds?" inquired the doctor's wife.

"Oh! A cold," he replied.

"Very bad?"

"Yes; disgusting-ly so. Just one of those simple little things that you can't possibly get more than two visits out of." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

"To hear some fel-lows talk," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "you'd really think they required a No. 14 hat." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

AFTER a man has been married a few days he has a look in his eyes which seems to say, "I don't know that I am so terrible smart, after all." — *Atchison Globe*.

First brewed in 1786 and never for a single moment a "back number"

Evans' Ale and Stout

Search the world over and you will not find their superior



If enterprise, progress, business judgment, and mercantile honor are concentrated in any firm in the piano-manufacturing business, that firm is Sohmer & Co. Having commenced business but a decade of years ago, the name of Sohmer is to-day a household word in every city and town in the country where music is loved and cultivated. In fact, so well-established is the name of Sohmer, that, in nine cases out of ten, unconsciously, as it were, it is followed in the mind by the word "piano."

PARENTAL SARCASM.

"Yes," said Farmer Corntassel, "our boy Josiar is devotin' a good deal of time to games an' light literature jes' at present."

"Is n't that a rather unprofitable pursuit?"

"Yes. But, you see, all the cabinet offices an' big diplomatic places is filled, so I reckon Josiar feels that there ain't much else fur him to do at present." — *Washington Star*.

We are now entering the season of
Rheumatic pangs,
Catarhal sneezes,
Neuralgic fangs,
Asthmatic wheezes.

It is therefore advisable to guard in time against these and kindred evils of cold weather by covering the body with undergarments of wool. Probably the best to buy are the well-known brand of Jaeger make, as these come with a strict guarantee of pure wool, of the finest quality. As they also come in five different weights for fall and winter, there is ample choice for each individual need.

YEAST.—Can you understand your wife over the telephone?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Oii, yes! She never talks baby talk over the telephone. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

NOV 8 1901

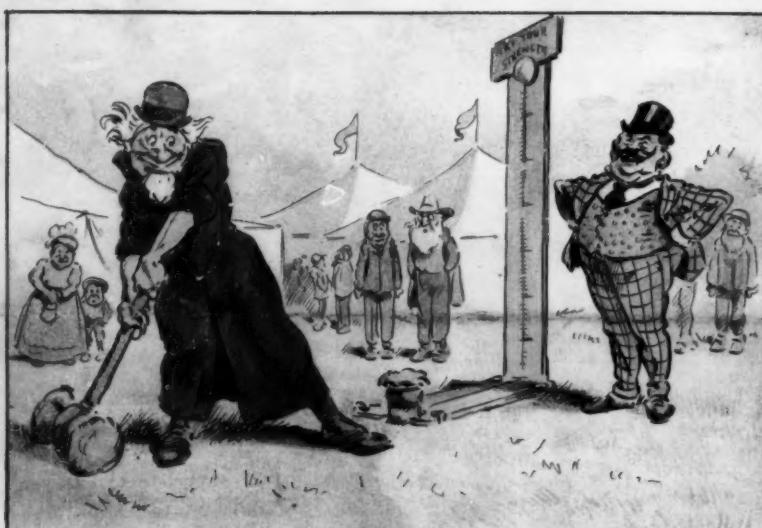
PUCK



I.



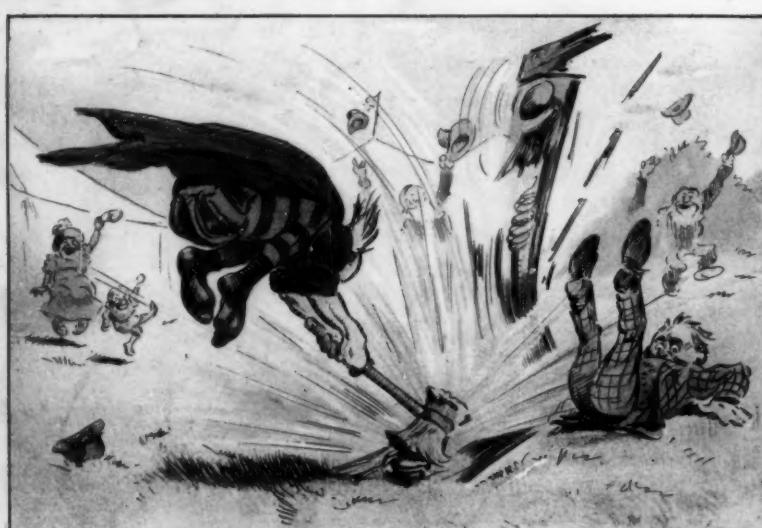
II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

A SIDE-SHOW SURPRISE.

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